

THE
Apparition.

A

P O E M.

*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum; Um-
bræque silentes;
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia
late
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: —*
Virg. *Aen.* Lib. VI.

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M E O G



THE *APPARITION.*

BEGIN my Muse ; the dire Adventure tell,
How the supremest gloomy Power of Hell,
Convers'd familiar with a Mortal *Man* :
Where, when, and how the Conference began ;
Bring each Particular in open Sight,
And do the *Devil* and the *Doctor Right*.

As round the World that restless Spirit flew,
This spacious Earth, and all her Sons to view ;
To see how *Treason*, *Lust* and *Murder* strove,
To fill his Realms, and empty those *Above*.
While *Truth* was Trampl'd on by *Lies* and *Spight*,
And *Wrong* Victorious Triumph'd over *Right* ;
Vice domineer'd, and haughty Swore aloud,
Surrounded with a num'rous Flatt'ring *Crowd* :
Virtue, with Blushes cover'd o'er, retir'd,
By all Forsaken, tho' by all Admir'd.
Silent she *Grief'd*, with Pity, at the sight,
Then Wing'd tow'rds *Heav'n* Her solitary Flight,

Not so the *Fiend*, with other Passions fraught
Exulting, on his mighty Conquests thought :
Wide to his Veiw, the lovely Prospect lay,
But still with Joy malign he ey'd the Prey ;
For some escaping, made his Madness rise,
Low'ring he Scowl'd and Darken'd all the Skies :
Unmindful of the Many, *Satan* stood,
Revenge against those flying Few he Vow'd :
Then toss'd the Vipers round his horrid Head,
And thus indignant to himself he said.

' These Kingdoms of the Earth of Old were giv'n,
 ' If I mistake not, in Exchange for Heav'n :
 ' Their Pow'r, their Wealth and Glory, all are Mine,
 ' I hold 'em from Above by Grant Divine.
 ' Uxorius Adam, by my Cunning cross'd,
 ' Forfeit to Treason all their Tenures lost:
 ' Then if I hold by Titles such as These,
 ' Who shall my Tenures dare Dispute or Seize ?
 ' Yet —— for all this —— spite of my Sov'reign Will,
 ' Some Nations do decline their Homage still.
 ' The Three Great Quarters of the World are Mine,
 ' See how their Altars Smoak and Temples Shine ! —

' In Europe too, nor am I less rever'd
 ' Where grateful Rome her Images has rear'd:
 ' Or where Fanatick Sectaries abound,
 ' I scow'r with Pleasure my devouring Round :
 ' But Albion Cursed Isle ! by Priests mis-led,
 ' False to my Hopes, is in Rebellion bred.

' Not that my Emissaries There I want:
 ' Atheists to Curse, and Hypocrites to Cant.
 ' ~~B~~^W~~o~~^o~~g~~^os aloft Harangues the gaping Crowd,
 ' Witty H——G below Blasphemes aloud;
 ' And to each other, tho' so Opposite,
 ' Yet in my Cause Both lovingly Unite :
 ' The N——T to my Wish proceeds,
 ' Neglected Gardens must be choak'd with Weeds.
 ' Oh, cou'd I Sink the Sacramental Test !
 ' Down falls at once the Altar and the Priest :
 ' For still th' Establish'd Church is all my Bane :
 ' And while That stands I ne'er most hope to Reign.
 ' But then that ~~Oxford~~ Θ, damn'd Pedantick Town !
 ' Thus to be Fool'd by a Square Cap and Gown !
 ' How Old and Silly, Satan art Thou grown ?

' But 'tis Resolv'd, new Measures I will try,
 ' Quick to S——~~ee~~^{ee} A, to L——~~ee~~^{ee} T I will fly :
 ' L——~~ee~~^{ee} T, alike with me, by God Accurs'd ;
 ' In Vice and Error from his Cradle Nurs'd:
 ' He Studies Hard, and takes extreme Delight,
 ' In Whores, or Heresies to spend the Night : ' M

' My Vassal sworn ! He loves Confusion's Cause,
 ' And hates, like Me, all Government and Laws :
 ' All Ties of Duty, Gratitude are vain ;
 ' No Bonds his furious Malice can restrain :
 ' All Int'rests, Civil, Sacred, still unite
 ' With idle Toyl, to check his ardent Spite.

Thus having said, quick down to Earth he fell ;
 Full in the Middle of the Quadrangle :
 With sudden Glance he travers'd all the Rooms,
 And then forthwith a Humane Shape assumes.

Like an Old College-Bedmaker he bent ;
 His Cloven-Foot he wrigg'l'd as he went :
 A frowzy High-crown'd Hat his Face did hide,
 A hooked Staff his tott'ring Steps did guide,
 A Bunch of various Keys hung jangling by his Side.

Quick to the Doctor's Chamber he repair'd,
 Three solemn Rapps upon the Door were heard ;
 The Doctor listning, trembl'd, swore, and star'd.

And in an instant tow'rds the Door he goes,
 The Door, self-opening, took him thwart the Nose.

Astonish'd, back he started with a bound ;
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted Ground.

But as the Spectre nearer to him drew,
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, Z——s ! What are You ?

The Spright, observing streight his great Confusion,
 Thus calmly Silence broke (as He who knows one).

' Dear Doctor ! Prithee do not Tremble so :
 ' Pray be compos'd ! What ? — Not Crippelia know !
 ' The Devil is not come to fetch you now,

' Once I was Young, nor wanted Female Charms,
 ' When I lay Paating in your curling Arms :
 ' Lock'd in the Folds of Love we Both defy'd
 ' The Statutes, and the Laws of GOD beside.

' Then

‘ Then, my Civilian ! As Intranc’d you lay,
 ‘ How did you Sigh and Kiss the Hours away :
 ‘ Not Alexander , with Statira Blest,
 ‘ His Passion with more Tenderness exprest.
 ‘ What ? tho’ with Age and Weakness now I bend,
 ‘ With Wrinkles shrivel’d :—for One Tumbler send :
 ‘ If not a Mistress, use me like a Friend.
 ‘ For Favours past some small Regards are due ;
 ‘ I wou’d not at these Years have flouted you.

‘ Turn then, Barbarian, turn thy lovely Eyes ;
 ‘ Survey me well :—and mark my thin Disguise.—

‘ No musty College-Matron here thou see’st ;
 ‘ Them, and their Masters, I alike detest,
 ‘ Abhor, as Thou dost any Christian Priest.

‘ Before Thee stands Hell’s mighty Sovereign King :
 ‘ My Subject’s Thanks for thy last Works I bring.

‘ All my Grim Sons, with Emulation fir’d,
 ‘ Restless, thy Rights thy Christian Rights requir’d,
 ‘ Thy Christian Church’s Rights : Immortal Page !
 ‘ Worthy thy Malice, Impudence and Rage :
 ‘ Envious they ask, in fullen surly mood ;
 ‘ What Incubus did o’er thy Fancy brood ?
 ‘ All Hell resounds thy Name with loud Applause,
 ‘ And Love the Leader, as they Like the Cause :
 ‘ But above all, the Hot-brain’d Atheist Crew,
 ‘ That ever Greece, or Rome, or Britain knew,
 ‘ Wave all there Laurels, and their Palms to You.
 ‘ Spinoza Smiles, and cries——The Work is done ;
 ‘ L——T shall Finish, (Satan’s Darling Son :) .
 ‘ L——T shall Finish, what Spinoza first Begun.
 ‘ Hobbes, Milton, Blount, Vanini with him join :
 ‘ All equally Admire the Vast Design.
 ‘ Then—to the Trumpet’s, and the Clarion’s Sound ;
 ‘ The giddy Goblets whirl in Eddies round,
 ‘ To L——T’s Health :—on Earth may L——T dwell !
 ‘ Late may we have his Presence here in Hell !

‘ Till

Till he the Glorious Work has done : They cry,
 Till Christian Churches all in Ruins ly :
 (Sonorous Shoutings rend the Livid Sky)
 No single Fiend, through all the numerous Host,
 Declines the Glass, when L——T is the Toast.

‘ Old Epicurus, to *Lucretius* Bow’d,
 ‘ Young, Witty, Learn’d, Vain, Impudent, and Proud :
 ‘ Diagoras next *Apollonius* sat ;
 ‘ The solemn Sages on thy Works debate :
 ‘ The Traytor *Judas* list’ning, Grinning stood ;
 ‘ Sometime he Mus’d, and then he Laugh’d aloud :
 ‘ Twixt Rage, and Hate, and Scorn, at last he cries,
 ‘ Curse on Thee, for thy silly random Kiss !
 ‘ To take the Founder, and the Church to miss.
 ‘ Apostate *Julian* rose, and loudly Swore,
The Galileans Empire was no more ;
His Royal Priesthood shou’d for ever cease,
And Satan shall regain the Realms of Bliss.

By this time L——T, quite recover’d, stood ;
 His Visage redden’d with returning Blood,
 And thus he answer’d (when he Thrice had Bow’d.)

Dr. Great are the Honors, which the Prince of Hell
 Bestows upon a Mortal Infidel :
 Nor with less Pleasure I the Praises hear,
 Your Subjects to my trifling Labours spare ;
 Neither to You, nor Them, I must confess,
 My Duty, as I ought, I can express :
 Fain wou’d I Merit more ! wou’d they but Praise me less.
 But give me leave (as I’m in Duty bound)
 To pay thee, Satan ! Reverence most profound :
 (Here with his Head Nine times he touch’d the Ground.)
 Civility surprizing, I acknowledge ;
 To Visit a poor Fellow of a College !
 For Hell’s dread Emperor to condescend
 Himself ! to see a Vile Terrestrial Fiend !
 Tell me, Ye Gods of Erebus and Night !
 How have Ye heard of such a worthless Wight ?
 What Thanks are then, Supream Apostate ! due
 From me, (the Meanest of God’s Foes) to You ?

S. Egregious Youth ! Thou last best Hopes of Hell !
 All Satan's Sons, have hitherto done well ;
 But *Theu*, all Satan's Sons do'ft far excel.

—However—let us not. My Worthy Friend !
 Our Time in Ceremonies only spend :
 Nine times Three Minutes I can only stay,
 And cannot bear the least Approach of Day :
 Then to the Bus'ness quickly let us come ;
 'Tis what you Study here, and I at home,
 The *Church of England* is the Cursed Thing,
 That You and I must to Destruction bring.

D. Thanks, Great Destroyer ! if so mean a Man
 As I, but work such Mighty Mischief can ;
 No Time, nor Cost I'le spare ; no Strength or Pains :
 (*The Church of England's Losses are my Gains.*)
 Some *Deanery* then to my *Lay-fee* shall fall ;
 The *Bishopricks*—my *Bettters* must have,—All.

S. I tell Thee, L——T, and observe it well :
 Merit, like Thine, does all Reward excel.
 For *Gold*, or *Fame*, let little Souls contend ;
Dis-interested Mischief be Thy *End* :
 Only with Patience in thy Work persist ;
 To *Hell's* infernal *Cæsar* leave the rest.

D. Oh *Emperor* ! What Merit can I claim ?
 The *Youngest Hero* in thy Lists of *Fame*.
 Had I of old, (as *Scripture Annals* sing)
 Wag'd War with Thee 'gainst Heavn's perpetual *King* :
 Had I (but only on the Conquer'd side)
 Display'd, with Thee, my *Vanity* and *Pride* ;
 Some *Laurel* then I cou'd with *Pleasure* wear,
 And without Blushing now my *Praises* hear.

S. Extreams on all sides we with Justice blame ;
 A little then thy Head-strong Rage reclaim :
 And try thy *Lust* of Anarchy to tame.
 Mischief enough remains on Earth undone ;
 Then check they flight tow'rds *Heav'n*, my towring Son.
 The

The greatest Worth still Bounds and Limits knows ;
 Be satisfy'd —— and gall thy Present Foes.
 The Christian Church is still in Safety found ;
 Let That be first quite Levell'd to the Ground.
 When Thou hast finish'd this, (no small Design)
 Thou may'st with reason for fresh Mischief pine :
 And before all the Christian Churches, still
 Let Albion's Church employ thy utmost Skill ;
 Quick against That the second Battery raise,
 And equal to thy Mischief be thy Praise.
 Her Clergy first, with foulest Lyes defame ;
 Her Clergy, of whatever Age or Name :
Rome's Pontif, and the *Ruling Elders* spare,
 To Blacken Albion's Bishops be thy care :
 Tell how that Realm is by the Bishops curs'd ;
 All Discord, Error, by their *Canons* nurs'd :
 New Schemes of Government unheard-of raise ;
 And all (but That which you live under) Praise :
 For Mad Republicks still thy Strains pursue ;
 For Mad Republicks, whether Old or New :
 All cursed Monarchies alike decry,
 Mix'd, Absolute, there various Rights deny :
 Monarchs, as Tyrants, in thy Books display :
 Bishops, as feller Tyrants far then they :
False are our Hopes, and Profitless our Pains,
While Bishops Mitres wear, and ANNA Reigns.

D. It shall be done: Great Enemy of Light
 I bear 'em all, with Thee, an equal Spite :
 An equal Spite, tho' not a Power I bring
 With Thee 'gainst Heav'n's all-ruling Tyrant King
 I hate his Son, as much as You, or more ;

S. Why wilt Thou thus aloft unbounded soar ?
 Stoop ; stoop thy Wings : on Earth again descend.

D. At Thy Monition, downwards thus I bend ;
 And only Wish——His Church on Earth *may End!*)

Oh were my *Will*, but once *Britannia's Law* !
Rome should again the servile Nation awe ;

The *Druids* else regain there lost Abodes,
 And *Thor* and *Woden* be *Britannia's Gods* :
Idols in every Temple shou'd be found,
 The Poor in Chains of Superstition bound ;
 The Rich in Luxury and Atheism drown'd :
 All Decency and Order shou'd be Damn'd :
 And wild *Enthusiasm* run Bellowing thro' the Land.
 All, in their Turn, be *Prophets*, *Priests*, and *Kings*.
 Distinctions are but meer fantastick Things :
 All Government does from the *People* flow :
 Whom They make *Priests* or *Kings*, are truly so.
 These are the Doctrines in the *Rights* I teach,
 No matter what the *Prophets* or *Apostles* preach.

S. *Moses* indeed (a Wonder-working Jew)
 Tells you, how Empire first in *Eden* grew ;
 That *Adam* was the first undoubted King,
 And from his Loyns all future Monarchs spring :
 All *Regal Power* on Earth with him began,
 And thro' his Veins to his First-born it ran :
 God made the *Monarch* when he made the *Man*.
 The *Patriarchs* hence their *Right Imperial* claim'd ;
 And the First *Son* the Successor was Nam'd :
 The *People* never gave *Dominion Birth* ;
 As well might *Crowns* like *Mushrooms* spring from Earth :
Notions — I own — that have been reckon'd Good,
 But wond'rous Old ! — I think — before the Flood :
 Dry : hard to swallow : Some of narrower Throats
 Doubt, or deny, and Think this *Rabbi* dotes ;
 So Comment all the *Text* away with *Notes*.
 Next, He of *Nazareth* the *Prophet*, came ;
 (To *Me*, and *Thee*, an ever hateful Name.)
 The *Scheme Mosaick* he in Pieces broke ;
 But gall'd the *Nations* with an equal Yoke :
 Of *Monarchs* and their *Crowns* he little said ;
 (Only, To *Cæsar*, *Cæsar's Things* be paid.)
 The Laws of *Earthly Realms* he let alone ;
 But in Exchange, beneath his *Priests* ye groan :
 And if from *Heav'n*, (as they pretend) He came ;
 Their Priesthood then from *Heav'n* they justly claim :

And

But that a little shocks my Faith ; D. Much mine :

S. The Christian Priesthood then is not Divine.
If Jesus then was not the Son of God,
Then an Impostor, D. which I think : S. Allow'd,

D. * And justly on the Cross the Impostor Bow'd.
Ye coming Ages ! for th' Impostor's Sake,
Of all his Tribe the like Examples make ;
With equal Pain and Shame his Followers ween,
With endless Plagues that Progeny perplex,
Let 'em from Earth with utmost Fury fly,
To seek their Weights of Glory in the Sky.

S. He first, then They, those flavish Doctrines taught,
That no Revenge must on your Foes be wrought :
That Crowns Celestial were to Cowards giv'n :
And only Slaves on Earth were Lords in Heav'n :
Doctrines, too Low, for thy Erected Race,
Reject 'em then, Sublimer far embrace
Submission does thy Manly Tribe disgrace.
Do Thou, thy native Fierceness bravely show ;
Rather than Pardon, give the foremost Blow :
Forgiveness, is the Coward's want of Skill,
Or Strength, to execute his angry Will :
Or else Revenge delay'd, till Time mature
Succeed the Vengeance, make Resentment sure.
Thou on thy Foes with Speed and Vigour fly ;
And ev'ry bold Offender, let him dye :
Stay not till he thy Pardon may implore ;
Or if he does, let that incense Thee more
It shows a Coward ; and a Coward's Blow,
Deserves the utmost that thy Rage can do :
Thy Humour be thy Law, thy Lust thy Guide ;
Nor subect be to any thing beside,
But *Obstinacy, Vanity and Pride.*

* See The Ax laid to the Root, where you may plainly find,
such Malice, and such Blasphemy, to be the Sentiments and Lan-
guage of these Execrable Apostates.

— In Truths like these the hardy Britons train ;
 Thus Subjects Wise their Liberties maintain :
 And thus Rebellion will securely Reign.
 Subjects, like These, their trembling Rulers awe ;
 Thus Kings Receive, the People Give the Law :
 If any Swagy Monarch dare oppose,
 Or Pedant Bishop : let them feel their Foes :
 To Death or Exile quick the Traitors drive ;
 No Rebels to the People ought to live.
 Thus LAUD, and STUART, Both with Justice Dy'd,
 Fierce Cromwel, with the Many on his side,
 Thus check'd the Prelate's, and the Monarch's Pride.

D. And thus it is, True Oracle of Lyes !
 That in the Rights, the Britons I advise :
 But they remain, reluctant to my Will ;
 Their Beer, and Beef, confirm 'em Blockheads still.
 Wou'd They, but publickly my Doctrines own,
 The Monarchy had long e'er this, been downr :
 Episcopacy of that Name bereft ;
 And that is almost All, it now has left.
 If common Fortune does my Toy's attend,
 My Second Rights that Order quite shall end.
 Instruct me, Mighty Leader ! to Oppose
 Priests, Bishops, Kings : Britannia's only Foe,

S. L — T ! — Your Rights I like in gen'ral well,
 Yet — in some parts, You've broke the Laws of Hell :
 You speak too plain — and lay your Cloak aside —
 Forbear, — — be cover'd, — — I chastise such Pride,
 Wise Fowlers do not thus themselves proclaim,
 But Wind with Caution round the watchful Game :
 Had I, like You, the Hypocrite disown'd,
 Adam had ne'er beneath my Scepter groan'd,
 Bravo's, in other Countries, never cry
 The Men in Publick, they intend shall Dye.
 Wou'dst Thou ? Civilian ! Depths Satanick know ;
 Then to these Rules with deep Attention bow.
 Let Moderation all your Counsels Guide ;
 Nothing does Vice so well as Virtue hide :
 True, Sterling, and Infernal Treason's — This ,
 Formal begin — All Hail ! — and then — the Kiss :
 With

With Caution most deliberate proceed ;
 The *swiftest* is not still the *surest Speed* :
 To *Brutal Rashness* few Great Deeds we owe ;
Hero's in *Mischief Civil* are, and *Slow* :
 A Gentle *Answer* all Objections solves ;
Sheeps Cloathing is the proper *Garb for Wolves*.
 In vain against *Religion War* you wage,
 Without the *Serpent's Cunning*, with his *Rage*.

D. Accept my Thanks ; *Hades All Sapient Sire* !
 Who can Enough thy *Politicks* admire ?
 Prostrate I Kneel ; — and for thy *Pardon* sue ; —
 For *Moderation* all my *Vows* renew :
 Then bow Thine Ear, and listen to my Cries ;
 And make Me, like thy *Self*, both *Brave*, and *Wise*.

S. Thus your *Stage-Poets* too, are *All to blame*,
 Those *Puppies* ever over-run their *Game* :
 Over all *Bounds*, all *Precipices* leap ;
 Nor mind the *Lashings* of the *Hunter's Whip* :
Bawdy, Profaneness, Blasphemy the join ;
 Think only *Wit*, with *Wickedness, Divine* :
 Turn ev'ry thing that's *Sacred* to a *Jest* ;
 In *Christian Countries* never spare a *Priest*.
 For *Faults*, like these, Fierce *Jerry Collier* rose ;
 Briskly he Charg'd, and Routed all his *Foes* :
 E'en the *Train-Band Reformers*, cou'd engage
 Such *Sots* ; with *Glory* equal to their *Rage*.
 For *Faults*, like these, from *France* the *Dancers* come ;
 And *Eunuch Singing Choristers*, from *Rome* :
 At vast Expence those *Epitores* are fed ;
 The *Poets, Players*, justly want their *Bread*.
 'Tis for these Reasons *Theatres* decay ;
Profaneness sinks, and *Blasphemy* gives way ;
Bawdy no more with *Pleasure* can be heard ;
The Modest, Civil Sinners, all are scar'd.
 For this, *One House a Timber-Tard* is turn'd ;
 Oh ! had ye heard — how *Pocky D* — mourn'd !
 The Pillars too of all the *Others* bend ;
 I see their pageant *Deities* descend :
 And all in real *Flames* their painted *Glories* end.

The Mightiest Emperors, Most Gracious Queens,
 Dwindle to Pimps, and Whores behind the Scenes.
 With Prudence then, divert th' impending Blow,
 Some Moderation in your Madness show :
 For Lewdness, for disreeter Lewdness call ;
 For Modest Vice : — or else the Stage will fall.
 Your nasty Nakedness to Rage provokes ;
 On quickly with your Wizards, — All, and Cloaks.
 Plays are like Poisons, if they're temper'd right,
 Never offend the Taste, the Smell, or Sight :
 Bawdy Bare-fac'd must never be allow'd ;
 Ev'n Whores are Musk'd, and Modest in a Crowd.
 No Blasphemies be Bellow'd from the Stage,
 Nor any Publick Wars with Virtue wage :
 In Private be as Wicked as ye will ;
 Do not Abroad — my Mysteries reveal.

Rakes I abhor ; all Sots so loudly Lewd ;
 Hell Blushes at the giddy fenceless Brood :
 Whate'er you think, and pray such Coxcombs tell,
 We have some Modesty at least, — in Hell :
 Not such as is in Silly Virgins seen ;
 Grave, solid, sober, serious Vice, I mean.
 Be then these Rules observ'd alike by all ;
 And Vice again shall rise, and Virtue fall :
 The Realms of Darkness ev'ry Day increase ;
 Lewdness grow great, as Modesty grows less ;
 Atheists, with Poets, Players, (Whores vile
 By the Saints call'd) shall Govern Albion's Isle ;
 And Satan on ye all propitious Smile.

D. If Satan Smiles, what Mortal shall withstand ?
 Th' unerring Thunder of my Vengeful Hand.

Listen, ye Britons ! then, to L — T's Lore ;
 I'll soon relieve ye from Tyrannick Pow'r :
 Nor Priests, nor Monarchs, shall in Fetters bind
 Much longer, any Free-born Briton's Mind :
 I'll teach ye, ev'ry Bullet-headed Wight,
 To Drink all Day, and Fornicate all Night :

S. Well started, Casuist ! — 'tis a Briton's Right.
 Whoring's a very little Venial Sin.
 If Phyllis be but Wholesom, Cheap, and Clean ;

And

And Drunkenness is Physically good,
To cure the Spleen, and circulate the Blood.
Pray, ——— when you take a new Satanick Text,
Instruct your Honest Block-head Britons next ;
How by the Gospel they're all Plagu'd and vex't :
Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a Briton's care,
To spend his Time in Sacraments and Pray'r.

D. It shall be done, Most Anti-Christian Spright !
And the Three Creeds, my Liege, can ne'er be right :
Three Creeds ? but One my Faith does puzzel quite.
Suppose that NOT, were by the Commons freed
Out of the Decalogue, and plac'd i'th' Creed :
That little trifling Particle ——— that NOT ;
(Or if Expung'd ——— 'twou'd be no mighty Blot.)

S. Compendious Thought ! well worthy to succeed,

D. Thus Faith and Practice, both at once wou'd bleed :

S. That wou'd be Liberty and Property indeed !

D. Oh ! wou'd but Time that happy Scene disclose !
In which no Senator shou'd dare appose
That Vote ; but all Unanimously join ;
Me, and themselves, to free from Laws Divine :
Then Uncontroll'd, I de humour ev'ry Lust,
And only be to Wine, and Women, Just.

S. Nothing shou'd bind a British P——r,
Without each Individual's Consent.
The Horeb Contract, never yet was laid
Before the Houses ; nor has Once been Read,
Or Pass'd in Either : ——— Wherefore then Obey'd ?

D. Was Horeb's rigid Contract made for me ?
Did I the Thunders hear ? or Lightnings see ?

S. Then not Consenting, you are plainly Free ;
All Contracts where one Party's over-aw'd,
The Civil Law, I think, deems Null and Void.

No Freedom with those Ten Commandments lasts,
 That Horeb Contract all your Freedom blasts :
 Dissolve that Contract, try your utmost Strength,
 You may, perhaps, find Friends enough at length :
 Do Thou, my Canonist ! prepare a Bill,
 The House can any Covenants repeal :
 And who shall dare Oppose a Senate's Will ?
 But I'm afraid, their boggling at the Test ;
 Gives us but slender grounds to hope the Best.
 Had they that Bill but Generously pass'd ;
 With better grace you might have urg'd this last.

D. Your Majesty makes Merry with your Slave ;

S. Dost thou then reckon thine own Projects grave ?
 Thy Projects in the Rights ? Thou partial Knave !
 Well, to be Serious : — Nay, nay, — why that Look ? —
There's very wretched Reas'ning in thy Book :
 But — if you please the Nation with such Stuff ;
 And make the Clergy Odious : — 'tis Enough.
 Thy Knowledge of the Scripture too, is small,
 But that, and Logick in a Lawyer, shall
 Not be by Me, insisted on — at all.
 Cou'd you no better, than you Reason, Rail ;
 L — T, 'twixt Friends, the Parsons wou'd prevail.

D. I've done my Best : What Mortal can do more ?
 I'm sure there's Malice in my Book, good store.

S. Yes, pretty well — Doctor of Civil Law !
 At Last — I heed not Logick of a Straw :
 Thô less, than Thy Rights, I own, I never saw.
 — No matter — Malice, Slander, does as well :
 These are our constant Arguments in Hell.
 Be sure then, in your Second Rights, take care,
 That Curs'd, Establish'd Clergy not to spare :
 Load 'em with Malice, Slander, ev'ry where.
 Stab 'em my Russian ! Stab 'em thrô with Lyes :
 Till at thy Feet, that Order, gasping, Dies.
 Then I, my Self, will lead Thee done to Hell,
 There, in supremest Pomp, with Me to dwell.

The Furies patient, shall thy Coming wait ;
 In *Magick Circles*, to attend thy *State* :
 Ten Thousand *Infidels*, before Thee fly,
 To cleare thy Passage, thrô the crowded Sky.
 At thy Approach, *Rebellion* stern will rise,
 All smear'd with Blood and Gash'd : (to Arms she cries,
 Hurling a Spear tow'rds Heav'n,) since *L——T's* ours,
 Let's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' Ethereal Tow'rs.
Democracy, (a Noisy patriot Fool,
 The Rabble's *Idol*, and the Statesman's *Tool*,)
 After her sawcy and familiar way,
 Doctor, I'm Yours ; Yours heartily, She'll say :
 How fares on Earth the *Jus Divinum* ? Dead ?
 Do the *Patricii* the *Plebes* dread ?
 Almost — then fling this *Mitre* at that *Monarch's Head*.
 Sedition loud, to *Tumult* mad, shall bawl ;
 And Welcome Thee to Satan's gloomy Hall :
 Slander with all her Snakes shall hiss thy Praise ;
 Treason leave all her Plots on Thee to gaze :
 Lewdness with *Deism* shall Record thy Name,
 And Envy shall not envy Thee thy Fame.
 That wither'd, crooked Witch, Old *Heresy*,
 Will Wanton, Frantick grow, at sight of Thee :
 Catch Thee with Lust exstatick in her Arms ;
 Smiling with Youth renew'd, and Virgin Charms :
 Then eager prefis her burning Lips to thine,
 And round they Neck, like a fond Mistres, twine.
Vain-Glory, (Mighty Builder !) last shall raise,
 At my Expence, this Fabrick to thy Praise.
 Three Hundred Cubits from the solid Ground,
 (And all Emboss'd with swelling Sculpture round)
 The Column rises just ; with *Strength & Beauty* crown'd.
 High on its flaming Top, shall *L——T* stand ;
 Thy *Christian Rights* wide open in thy Hand :
 There, Thou shalt teach the *Damn'd* to Curse, Revile
 God's *Priesthood* and his Sons : the *damn'd* the while
 Forgetting all their *Pains*, shall listning Smile.
 Sullen *Enthusiasm* tearing of his Hair,
 Distorted, Foaming, Trembling, in Despair,
 Low at the Pillars Base half-rais'd shall ly,
 Then Staring upwards, with a Shriek shall cry,
 ' Are Atheists lifted up in Hell so high !'

On thy Right-hand, Proud Blasphemy shall sit,
 And on thy Left, Prophaneness : Scurril Wit,
Impudence, Sophistry, (Hell's Rabble Rout)
 With Error, Folly, Vanity and Doubt ;
 Huzza — — — The Rights — The Christian Rights — shall shout.
 The Scriptures all to shivers torn, shall fly
 Like driving Snows along a stormy Sky :
 The Spoils of Christian Churches shall bestrow
 With sweet Confusion all the Plain below.
 Rage unreclaim'd shall round the Ruins ride,
 With stupid Irreligion by his Side :
 (On Earth by Flattery Both for Patriots prais'd,
 In Hell by me to Seats infernal rais'd :)
 These shall the Scepter, Rôbes and Diadem bring,
 While I anoint Thee — — — Mischief's Monkey King.
 Such are the Honours I prepare for those,
 Who are, like Thee, to Priests Immortal Foes.
 Was ever Land by silly Priests mis-led ?
 Did ever ancient Heroes Parsons dread ?
 Ye drowsy Senators ! from Sleep arise !
 Ye Publick Patriots ! when will Ye be Wise ?
 Wou'd Ye a true Dependant Priesthood have ?
 Resume the Tythes your dull Forefathers gave.
 Let 'em at Altars for Subscription wait,
 Or Arbitrary Pensions of the State :
 Then if They dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,
 Let 'em, like Paul, at their own Charges Preach :
 While they their Bishopricks, and Dean'ries keep,
 These Wolves will never tremble at You Sheep.

D. That little Text, my Liege ! these Notions nicks ;
 Jesurun, till he fattens, never kicks.

S. The Convocation, do what'ere I can,
 Still thwarts the Measures of my Dark Deean.

D. Might Slaves with Emperors in Counsel share,
 That Senate, in Ten Thousand Pieces tear.
 In that, Britannia's Church collected stands,
 A Giant with Two Heads, Three Hundred Hands.
 Bodies United, Terrible appear ;
 Which seperate, no single Man woud Fear :

Each

Each Coward singly, I my-self cou'd beat ;
 But dare not All of 'em together meet.
 So wary Hawks do fearful Pigeons fly,
 As they in *Squadrons* Wing the liquid Sky :
 When joyn'd in Troops, the Foe they wisely shun,
 And yet, they'll Kill a Thousand, One by One.

S. Now I command Thee M—w, wisely said ;
 And wisely with such Enemies proceed :
 Do Thou instruct the Commons, and the Law,
 With Premunires still those Priest to awe ;
 Then they'll Submit : Thus *Henry* gain'd his Cause ;
All Shepherds tremble at a Lion's Paws ?
 For tho' to Others they of Suffering talk,
 In their own Case they still that Doctrine baulk.
 And after all — if those Two Houses — meet —
 — D. The Devil, S. And the Doctor. D. Both are bit :
 But for their *Gracious Empress* — there's the Task —

S. Which will my utmost Care and Caution ask.
 I own, she's arm'd with Piety and Pray'r's ;
 Such Goodness — frequently eludes my Snares.
 Firm and unshaken, hitherto Sh'as stood ;
 Nor heeds the Noise and Workings of the Flood.
 But Hope, you Mortals say, with Life does last ;
 Tho' beaten still, still I can rise as fast.
 You cannot but remember Gentle *Eve* ;
 To me — the Wheedling of the Ladies leave.
 Old *Clarendon* does well my Friends disgrace,
 What then ? — my Friends at Court have met with Place.
 Patient I'll wait — Observe the rowling Sky ;
 Then — catch the lucky Minutes as they fly.
 Once, with Success, I Hunted mighty Game ;
 That Day shall stand consign'd to Deathless Fame,
 Earth trembl'd as my Beagles roaring onward came.
 Remorseless, round the Royal Hart they stood,
 And plung'd their *Dew-laps* in his Sacred Blood.
 The Powers *infernal* Jealous, wonder'd why,
 Twas given to Mortal Men to Sin so high.
 Thus fell Old Pious *CHARLES*, in Suff'ring's Brave ;
 The Rebels Rul'd, their Monarch was their Slave :
 His Clemency did first his State enthrall ;

And by his *Goodness* 'twas I wrought his Fall.
 I fill'd his *Senates* with my fawcy Brood,
 Erect with Sin and Impudence they stood ;
 The *Subject* Hector'd, and the *Monarch* Bow'd,
 For that perhaps Above he is Renown'd,
 But since on *Earth* a *Traytor's* Death he found,
 I'm satisfy'd. D. So may all *Kings* be Crown'd !

S. Oh *ANNA* ! When will Thy *Devotion* cease ?
 When will Thy Streams of *Charity* decrease ?
 That better Hopes may to our prospect rise ;
 But Thou'rt confirm'd the *Darling* of the *Skies*.
 Why art Thou thus to Generously Great ?
 To sink Thy *Own*, to raise the *Clergy's* State.
 What Blessings still attend thy Glorious Reign !
 Oh *ANNA* ! most perversly Pious Queen !
 Heav'n Smiles to see Thee Rule thy Realms below ;
 And Sov'reign Power, with Sov'reign *Goodness* show :
 Thy Royal Gransire's Worth, with better Fate,
 Shall make Thee, thro' all Ages, *Truly Great*.

D. All Mighty-*I'lls* by *Fate's* Adverse are cross'd ;
 Thus We not Works, but wishes only boast :
 Brave Ravilac shou'd else but Second stand
 To me, in *Hell's* Assassinating Band :
 Were it not otherwise Decreed above ;
 The *Guardian Angels* still the Strongest prove.
 But, Sir ? — those Polish Universities !
 Are they too, Guarded by Supream Degrees ?
 Oh wou'd some other *Henry* but arise !
 Dissolve their Colleges, their Buildings burn,
 And all their Books to Flames and Ashes turn :
 Sell all their Lands, to make the Nobles Drunk,
 That ev'ry Commoner, as Olim — nunc,
 Might at the *Churches* Charges keep — a Punk.
 Then Thou * *Bridgwater* ! shou'dst in *Europe* claim,
 Oxford's Immortal Venerable Name :
 Cambridge to * *Taunton* all Her Tow'r's resign ;
 S. And Both, in Mighty L — T's Prailes joyn.

* Two Noted Presbyterian-Seminaries in the West of England.

D. Thus

D. Thus Piety and Learning shou'd Decay,
And Ignorance and Atheism bear the Sway.

S. Exquisite Fiend ! Satan's undoubted Seed !
How does thy Likeness justifie thy Breed ?
What Pity 'tis, it ever shou'd be said,
That Thou didst Eat a paltry Prelate's Bread.
For Shame ! For Shame ! thy Fellowship Resign !
Nor longer with those Christian Coxcombs Dine.
Forsake thy Pedant Cell, to Courts repair,
Triumphant Atheism Thou wilt meet with there :
Thy most degenerate Friends, the Courtiers tell,
We have not such Ingratitude in Hell ;
To let a Youth, like Thee, regardless pass,
Nor mind the Glories of thy Glitt'ring Face
Merit, like Thine, to meet with no Reward !
Ye Guardian Pow'rs of Vice ! 'tis wond'rous hard :
King David's Admonition here is just ;
Not Princes, nor in any Courtiers trust.
But hold——my Time is almost quite expir'd ;
Besides, Below my Presence is requir'd.

—Rot these Republicans ! I am Betray'd ;
That Tutchin ! has a Insurrection made
With his Deposing Doctrines ; but e'er Day,
I'll teach that Dog ! Hell's Monarch to Obey,
Do Thou, then, quickly these few Orders take,
And I thy Room, at present, will forsake.
To all thy real and admiring Friends,
Satan, by Thee, his hearty Love commends.
To ~~Tolend~~, ~~Cottins~~, ~~St—ns~~, ~~As—l~~, tell,
Sir ~~Robert Howard~~ Greets 'em kindly well ;
And hopes to see 'em shortly All—in Hell.
From me the Phenix Editors Salute ;
And I've a Letter here for Esquire ~~S—te~~.
~~J—n D—n~~, with his Brethren of the Bays,
His love to ~~G—t b~~, Blaspheming ~~G—t b~~, conveys ;
And Thanks him for his Pagan Funeral Praise.
Hopes ~~W—tto~~ry, whose Christian Name is Will,
Continues very Witty, Wicked still :
The like of ~~Congreve~~, ~~V—tto~~k, and the Rest,
Who Swear, that all Religion is a Jest.

‘Tell

' Tell Doctor ~~Buxholt~~, Theory I mean,
 ' His Eve and Serpent have our Father been :
 ' Lucian, the Master for that Dialogue Thanks ;
 ' The Snake, and Lady faith, play—pretty Pranks.
 ' Hugh Peters something said, a Canting Sot,
 ' About One ~~Beware~~ his Sir-name I've forgot :
 ' His Measures of Submission, were Obey'd
 ' Exactly, by Wat Tyler, and Jack Cade.
 ' George Fox to Lucy had some Warnings groan'd,
 ' But his stiff Scribe was no where to be found :
 ' The Fool himself, can neither Write nor Read ;
 ' The Motions of his Chops I did not heed.
 ' Old Arius cry'd O Lucifer ! I charge ye,
 ' Thank ~~Whiffen~~ for his Money to the Clergy.
 ' Oliver's Porter stop'd me at Hell's Door,
 ' And in my Ears this Prophecy did roar.
 ' A certain circumflex Enthusiast Knight,
 ' Of Britain-Great, a very little Wight,
 ' Sir R——d B——y call'd bid him but wait,
 ' When Emes does rise, his Worship will be Steight.
 Have ye not here, on Earth Pray ? Hell-whelps too ?

D. Your Highness means, if I conjecture true,
 Our Block-head Observator, and Review.

S. The same —————
 They're mangy, lazy Curs, I'll have 'em Hang'd ;
 Or else, till all their Bones are broken, Bang'd.
 In half this Time Pryn Ruin'd Church and State :

D. All Scoundrels cannot grow, by Scribbling, Great.

S. If they can nothing more to Purpose say,
 I'll burn their Papers, and withdraw their Pay.
 ' Prithee reach hither, M——t ! the Bibliothecque
 ' Choisy, where th' Author, of Your Works does speak :
 ' Because, Socinus has a Wager laid,
 ' There's something greatly to Your Honour said :
 ' And that our Scribbling Swifs, Le Clerc, will say
 ' As much——of any Devil in Hell——for Pay.

In Winter, when at C——nft —ne's You meet,
 Pray tell that Club, I Kiss their Cloven-Feet.
 And at the Calves'-Head-Feast, when next You Dine,
 Accept these Flask of Acherontick Wine:
 The Tost — be Honest Noll's good Health and Wine.
 I'll have a Brace of Dr~~ack~~s within this Sennight,
 Spite of the Doctrine of that Doctor ~~K~~~~ock~~
 From me, as from a Friend, his Reverence tell,
 We've Men of Sense and Quality in Hell.
 'Tis well remembred — Take one Parting Kiss;
 Thine Elder Brother Judas sent Thee this.
 Thus having said, He in a Mist withdrew,
 And in a Moment up the Chimney flew.

F I N I S.



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